

One of these boxes was rented annually by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It was rather like the toy cardboard theatre which children used to be able to buy for sixpence. The effect was sombre, but I think I liked it better than the cold, light, shallow, bastard Pompeian decoration of later days.

In Hallam Tennyson's life of his father, I find that I described "The Cup" as a "great little play." After thirty years (nearly) I stick to that. Its chief fault was that it was not long enough, for it involved a tremendous production, tremendous acting, had all the heroic size of tragedy, and yet was all over so quickly that we could play a long play like "The Corsican Brothers" with it in a single evening.

Tennyson read the play to us at Eaton Place. There were present Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Terriss, Mr. Knowles, who had arranged the reading, my daughter Edy, who was then about nine, Hallam Tennyson, and a dog—I think Charlie, for the days of Fussy were not yet*

Tennyson, like most poets, read in a monotone, rumbling on a low note in much the same way that Shelley is said to have screamed in a high one. For the women's parts he changed his voice suddenly, climbed up into a key which he could not sustain. In spite of this I was beginning to think how impressive it all was, when I looked up and saw Edy, who was sitting on Henry's knee, looking over his shoulder at young Hallam and laughing, and Henry, instead of reproaching her, on the

broad grin.
There was much discussion as to what the
play should be
called, and as to whether the names "
Synorix" and
"Sinnatus" would be confused.
" I don't think they will/' I said, for I
thought this was
a very small matter for the poet to worry
about.